## HAUNTED PALACES.

DISTINGUISHED SPECTRES IN ENGLAND AND ON THE CONTINENT-STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN STOCKHOLM LAST YEAR.

It is difficult to realise that here, at the close of the nineteenth century, there should still be educated people who believe in the existence of ghosts. One might have thought that the scepticism which constitutes so characteristic a feature of the present age, as well as the growing taste for psychical research and materialism, would be sufficient to counteract any such superstitions of mediaeval times. But such is not the case. The belief in the supernatural seems not to diminish in Europe, but to increase with the growth of logic, science and enlightenment, and it is noteworthy that it is not among the relatively ignorant masses of the people that superstition is most strongly developed, but among those who have received instruction of the highest order and who, either by popular will or what is euphoniously described as "Divine Right," have been set up to direct, guide and govern their fellow

It has frequently occurred to me that the be lief in the supernatural might be assumed by these great ones of the earth for the purpose of endowing themselves and their surroundings with a respectability otherwise lacking. There is something so eminently respectable in owning a haunted house or palace. It partakes of the nature of ancestry and blue blood in that it cannot be acquired by purchase, but must be inherited, evidence of this peculiarity being furnished by the significant fact that none of the English purchasers of the castles and country seats of the old country families of Ireland has ever to my knowledge been honored with any visitation by the family Banshee of the original proprietor. But the scepticism which this circumstance created in my mind with regard to the existence of spooks has once more been disturbed by the apparently authentic evidence afforded during the last few months of the presence of spectres in the royal English palace of Hampton Court and at the Royal Falace of Stockholm.

That Hampton Court Palace is supposed to be haunted is nothing new. It has long ened that reputation. Indeed, the Corporation of the City of London is on record as having ordered 12,000 masses to be said for the repos of the soul of Queen Jane Seymour, one of th many wives of King Henry VIII, with the object of "laying" her ghost, which, even in the reign of King James II, was wont, according to popular belief, to wander about the corridor near the room where Queen Anne Boleyn caught her sitting on the King's knee. Unfortunately, these masses do not seem to have been efficacious; for Queen Jane's spectre continues, so we are assured, to haunt the palace to this day. Fifteen years ago the inhabitants of the palace were alarmed by the sound of the whirring of a spinning-wheel at night, and, in deference to their urgent entreaties, the Gov ernment Office of Works instituted an investigation which resulted in the discovery of a ricked-up, and until then unsuspected, chamer, containing an ancient spinning-wheel showing marks of recent use. Reference to the old records of the palace showed this room to have formed one of the private apartments of Queen Jane. Both the late Lady Eastlake and Mrs. Cavendish Boyle, residents in the palace, have vouched for the appearance a few years ago of a white apparition, believed to have been that of Queen Catherine Howard, near the Queen's great staircase, and have graphically described the ghastly look of despair on her face and the blood-curdling sounds of her bolesale exodus of the servants employed at the palace, but even of its desertion by widowed ladies of rank, who, in recognition of orded by the Queen free apartments there life, owing to the antics of yet a third ghost, who is, for some reason or other, believed to be that of Queen Anne Boleyn. It is all very well to laugh at this. But servants do not give up good places, nor do titled ladies of limited means relinquish so great and highly prized a privilege as free apartments in a roya palace for the sake of mere fancy or im-

Windsor Castle constitutes an exception to the general rule of royal and imperial abodes in that it is absolutely free from ghestly occupants. The spectre of Herne the Hunter is, however, believed by superstitious people to roam under the oaks of the Home Park at certain times of the year. Buckingham Palace is far too modern a building to have a Banshee of its own, while if Marlborough House were possessed of any spectral inhabitant it could only be the spirit of that imperious spouse of the first Duke of Marlborough, who is on record as having bullied to tears and into utter submission the good Queen Anne of glorious and plous memory. 1 have never heard of any supernatural apparitions at either Kensington Palace or at St James's, although the tragedies which have oc curred within the walls of the latter royal abode, notably the mysterious murder of the Duke of Cumberland's confidential valet, Seniis. in the early part of this century, ought to b sufficient to people it from cellar to garret with spectres. At Holyrood the ghost of the murdered Rizzio, the troubadour admirer of Mary, Queen of Scots, is supposed to promenade the gloomy old galleries after dark, and it is note orthy that whenever any member of the Queen's family is forced to spend a night in the capital of Scotland a hotel is preferred to the

egination.

The Little Red Man, who used to haunt the Tulleries before it was destroyed by fire at the time of the Commune, and his twin brother, who still appears from time to time as a precursor of death at the Grand Ducal palace of Darmstadt, are too well known to need more than passing reference here; and the same may be said of the White Lady of the imperial Burg or palace at Vienna, and of her similarly attired sister, who makes periodical visits to the old royal palace of Berlin. Much has been written about this White Lady of the Hohenzollerns, concerning the authenticity of whose appearances the late Emperor Frederick collected a wonderful array of records of the most convincing nature. There is in particular a sworn statement in the imperial archives, both at St. Petersburg and at Berlin, with regard to the apparition of the White Lady to Prince Prederick of Prussia and to a party of officers on the eve of his death at the Battle of Saalfield, in 1806. I have seen a number of stories about this White Lady of the Hohenzollerns, but none as yet which give any indication as to her identity. It seems that she was originally the Countees Agnes von Orlanunde, who murdered her first husband as well as her two children in order to be enabled to marry the Burgrave of Nuremberg, the ancestor of the Electors of Brandenburg and of the house of Hohenzollern. The triple murder is asserted to have taken place within the precincts of this palace, which was built 450 years ago, contains a thousand windows, and as many rooms as thousand windows, and as many rooms as the number of years of its existence.

The royal palaces of Lisbon, of Madrid, of Munich, Stuttgart and Moscow, have each a familiar banshee to announce the impending demise of a member of the reigning family. But perhaps the most uncanny of all of them is the royal palace of Stockholm, which has been haunted to such an extent since the asassination within its precincts of King Gustavus III, that it has been twice entirely gazed to the ground and reconstructed, with the object of dislodging the supposed ghosts. If the royal princes and princesses of Sweden and Denmark and their respective suites are to be believed, these endeavors have been of no avail, as may be gathered from the description which they all unite in giving of certain apparently supernatural occurrences which be said of the White Lady of the imperial Burg or palace at Vienna, and of her similarly

found himself thrown from his bed upon the floor with considerable force, and without being able in any way to account for the occurrence. On the following morning Prince Charles of Denmark, a big, burly and stolid young man, complained of having been awakened during the night by the noise of a scuffle at his bedside, for which he was likewise unable to account. A couple of evenings later Princess Louise of Denmark the beautiful eighteen-year-old-daughter of the Crown Prince, was writing letters in Denmark the beautiful eighteen-year-old-daughter of the Crown Prince, was writing letters in her salon, which was illuminated by lamps and a number of wax candles, when, suddenly raising her eyes from the paper, she caught sight of what she believed to be a spectre, standing at the other side of the table and gazing fixedly at her. The Princess gave a loud shriek and rushed from the room, the spectre, according to her story, darting ahead of her. In the corridor she swooned, and was found there unconscious by the attendants, who had been alarmed by her outcry. Nor did the twenty-three-year-old Prince Christian, eldest son of the Crown Prince, a stalwart young fellow of most manly character, escape an experience of this Crown Prince, a stalwart young fellow of most manly character, escape an experience of this kind. For, happening to enter a room for the purpose of getting some article which he had forgotten there earlier in the day, he backed out of it, pale and trembling, declaring that the room was full of armed men who had forced him to retire. The last apparition was seen on the eve of the departure of the Danish royalties, when the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Denmark were playing whist with King Oscar and the Crown Prince of Sweden. The expression of the latter's face attracted the attention of his partner. He had become as pale as death. His cards dropped from his hand, and his eyes protruded even more than usual as he gazed into vacancy. King Oscar, him his heaven. his eyes protruded even more than usual as he gazed into vacuncy. King Oscar, thinking that his son had become ill, seized him by the shoulder with the object of rousing him, whereupon the Crown Prince exclaimed that he had caught sight of the blood-stained apparition of some unknown person standing at the other side of the table, and that it had afterward glided out through the wall.

of the table, and that it had afterward glided out through, the wall.

Of course, all this may sound ridiculous and childish to ordinary people who do not believe in the supernatural. But even they would experience an uncanny feeling if forced by efreumstances to reside in houses which had been the scene of a suicide or of a murder. What wonder, then, that royal and imperial personages should entertain the same kind of superstitions and sentiments with regard to their bloodstained palaces, especially when it is borne in mind that the blood has in almost every case belonged to their more or less remote ancestors.

EX-ATTACHE. EX-ATTACHE.

## BISHOP-RULED SALZBURG.

QUAINT FEATURES OF A PEACEFUL CITY. There is in Austria no stream more beautiful han the proverbially "beautiful blue" Danube, unless perchance it be the picturesque Salzach, which, separating its course from the Danube, flows placidly at the foot of the Salzburg Mounains, whose every valley conceals some new and unexpected beauty, until it reaches the quaint and harming town of Salzburg. Once the capital of an ecclesiastical principality, whose archdukes reigned there as prince-bishops, it is curious that the innumerable legends connected with the town with its wonderful salt mines, overtops the and the neighboring country should tell of love

affairs only, yet such is the case, The lavish and enlightened bishops ruled the people with no easy hand, continually extorting large sums of money from them for the maintenance of their court, which long rivalled that of the reign ing house of Austria in splendor and brilliancy. The sword and armor and glittering court cotumes seem to have replaced the flowing purple obes their ecclesiastical rank demanded. Their renown for daring acts of robbery-"warlike exploits" politely wrote the quaint court chroniclers generous encouragement of art and music was highly praised in these same records. More ad- trees on either side forming an arch overhead vanced than the neighboring princes, they summoned architects from Italy to embellish Salzburg with edifices modelled after the graceful master-

pieces of that sunny land. As the lumbering old omnibus joited over the bridge, the essentially monastic and non-German atmosphere of the place made a deep impression. To the left rose the Kapuzinerberg, the ivy-clad monastery nested among the green foliage near the support of the control of the contro the summit, and to the right were the cathedral. and monasteries, their numerous church-spires dazzling whiteness heightened by the green backskirts of the town. Cobblestones not only pave the streets and sidewalks, but closely stud the plaster heavy load. A striking but not unusual ex-

long polls and give to the whole a festive appearance. Peasants journey hither from all parts of the country, bringing with them curious bits of carving and odd pieces of tinware, stone jugs, eggs, The square is crowded from morning night with peasant women in short red petticoats and tinsel-bedecked headgear, and fat housewives who bargain as sharply as the vendors themselves, In one corner is a shrill-voiced woman singing ballad; a crier, ringing his bell, wanders through the throng; noisy geese and hens and squealing pigs add to the din until it becomes positively deafening; while fat, bare-footed friars saunter around inspecting everything and purchasing naught. Salzburg is transformed into a veritable tower of Babel, where each peasant chatters away in his own dialect, explaining his meaning by fre-

quent and expressive gestures. Salzburg offers no vivid historical reminiscences to the tourist, who finds its chief attraction in the beauty of its environs. Doubtless the quaint houses and crooked streets are curious and interesting but they call to mind none of the countless struggles which have taken place here between bishop baron or peasant. The people of Satzburg are and always have been essentially peaceful, ready to defend themselves when forced to arms, but rarely if ever opening hostilities; and the traces of war were rapidly effaced by their thrifty en-deavors. The ancient fortress of Hohen Salzburg is the sole reminder of those occurrences. Its massive gabled stone walls and enlarged battlements crown the wooded slopes of the abrupt castle hill, rising far above the city, until its many turnets seem lost in the sky. Here the archdukes resided from the time of its erection until the six-teenth century, when the chateau of Helibrunn was completed. The superstitious peasantry believe the deep window receases of the lofty princes' bers to be haunted by the souls of those who lightly exchanged vows of love and as lightly broke them at that court of love which the archdukes so long assembled there. The old chapel of St. George in the courtyard, despite the many centuries which have passed over it, shows little signs of the ravages time has elsewhere effected. The sun was streaming through the stained-glass windows as we entered, filuminating the marble floors and high-backed pews, while to the right and left stood the red marble statues of the Apostles the extensive buttlements we heard the ringing In the distance the Salzach, that broad and placid river dividing the city in two distinct quarters, lined on either bank with well-paved quays shaded by stately oaks, seems but a silver stream among the green meadows; graceful mountains, enveloped in that purple haze peculiar to the climate, rise grandly against the clear sky; on the summit of the farthest hill glisten the white spires of the marble pilgrimage church of the Virgin. As the beauties, it rests upon the chateau of Hellbrunn, whose white walls shine amid the luxuriant follage of the adjacent park. Behind it the lofty and imposing Untersherg, with its three peaks, of which the farthest is the famous Berchtesgaden

rounding mountains. As we approached the long well-built tunnel through the Mouchsberg we paused to examine the little houses nestling against the side of the hill. ing the rapid descent. Looking back we could distinetly perceive the large horse trough with its group of life-sized horses carved from a single block of marble. Emerging from the tunnel we entered a broad avenue, the double rows of great through which the sunbeams fell, casting fantasti shadows on the hard, white road. The silence was laughter of some children playing on the banks of the Salzach as it flowed past us. Fields of golden vines rose on the edge of the meadows. We passed one of those heavy canvas-covered wagons so common in Austria. A comfortably dressed peasant drinking and singing, was seated in it,



try, and even many of the chimneys are built of them.

peace (Friedhoefer), surrounded as they are by all the beauties of which nature has been so lavish here, the oidest and most interesting is undoubt-edly St. Peter's. It lies at the rear of the plain edly St. Peter's. It has at the rear of the plant Romanesque church of that name, whose one claim to interest consists in the ancient and unique tembstone of St. Rupert, covered with angels' heads and Latin inscriptions. Around the

courtyard, its long waving grass dotted with datsles, the emblematic flower of Salzburg, and the only wild flower allowed to grow in this court, where the poor lie buried, extend porticos lined with where the poor he burn, extend portion and with marble statues and vaults in imitation of the Lial-ian "Campi Santi." Our guide conducted us through a concealed door in the side of the Moseucha-berg. We ascended a flight of narrow, irregular steps hewn in the solid rock, which lead to a round chamber, the first chapel of the early Christians, whence they came to worship unseen and un-molested by their heathen neighbors. Beneath the marble slab, which served as altar, repeat the re-mains of Dishop Maximus, a victim of the bar-barians' fury. The small door behind it openbarians' fury. The small door behind it opensinto a long, low passege, the entacombs of Salzburg. Great ledges were cut in the rock on either side, and on these were piled the stone codins they used then. Occasionally one was left uncovered, the linen-bound head alone visible; a weird and grewsome sight which combined with the night-like darkness, illumined only by the lantern, reminded one rather of some witch's reminded one rather of some witch's cave, with spooks and bats, than the last resting-place of plous martyrs. Glad to emerge from its damp, chilly walls, we followed our guide out onto small secluded platform overlooking the gardens of the neighboring monastery, where the monks were then assembled; some few pale and emaciated, but the majority portly, their ruddy cheeks and not too delicately tinted noses suggestive of a better fare than the dried peas, brown bread and water their rule prescribed. The tower-crowned aster monastery with its pointed windows and arched portal at the end of the long avenue, was built by great one of the earliest archdukes, who intended it lies originally for an archiepiscopal palace. Hardly in accordance with their severe rules and supposed folk.

strict observance of them, the monks supply the little stiftskeller, on the edge of the graveyard, with wine and beer from their own cellars. The jahrmarkt, or annual fair, which occurs in Salzburg every spring, is peculiarly interesting.
The large Residenz Platz, with the spacious palace

walls of the low, flat-topped houses of the peasantry, and even many of the chimneys are built of garded rather in the light of superior animals than

cor classes of this country, where they called rather in the light of superior animals than man beings. He chatesup park extends many miles at the roof the mountains, and along their slopes are to terraces with multicolored flower-beds and ceful fountains, and dense woods concealing a grotto or rustic temple to Diana. The archeops lavished immense sums upon the theatre with the solid rock and the villas hiddening the trees. The chateau itself is disapoint, acarcely fulfilling the promise of splender the the magnificent decorations of the villas hiddening the magnificent decorations of the villas hiddening the magnificent decorations of the villas hiddenings. The long halls and gloomy rooms are sently German school with its expressionless and weren and graceless draineries. The riments of the handsome Hishop Saismund he differ from the others. The lofty cethings are parted by pillars, the trescoed walls covered by coral scenes and capids bearing purhased of sea. The long mirrors reflect the highly polithed.

The wheding old streets contain many curious houses of mediacral times, some of timber, others of stone and again of platter—tall, merrow houses and low, flattoned ones some having quaint inscriptions over the door, but more without any attempt at decoration. In one of the eldest portions where shops now abound lived Mozart's family. They occurred the around floor of a small house whose ricketty stairs created beteath our feet as we assented them. The rooms are filled with relies of the great composer. He samet on which he first learned to play stands beside the plane to the district of the profit of this performances of many of his operas are scattered over the long table in the front room. A pile of his love-letters lies in one corner, to be read by all who care to expend a few kreuzers for the privilege. Portraits of himself and family in turnished gill frames cover the xalls, the small painting of two ears, a small and a large one, attracted our attention. It shows the great difference between the usual size of a child's car at ten and that of Mozart at the same age. These have ears was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same age. These have cars was for him the same of kinn Midas, which clums to him for many years. The Sakkarrars' veneration for their affred to be brought from Vicana and transferred to be unumit of the Rapaxinerberg sear the monagery. winding old streets contain many curious of mediacyal times, some of timber, others

The many beer gardens in Salzburg afford excel-nt opportunities of studying the people who con-The many beer gardens in Salzburg allow con-lent opportunities of studying the people who con-gregate there Saindays and holidays; whole fami-lies together, good-natured and happy, ready to laugh at any and everything; for the Salzburgers, though quiet and thrifty, are a pleasure-loving folk. They are conservative and non-procressive, refusing to adopt newer methods than their own; which doubtless accounts for the fact that, despite their constant industry, they are far from being a wealthy people.

PRETTY NAMES IN ENGLAND.

Salzburg every spring, is peculiarly interesting. The large Residenz Platz, with the spacious palace to the right, and to the left the marble cathedral, erected in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, is the scene of the constant bustle and restless activity which rouse the town from its habitual quiet for four days, after which it again resumes its peaceful wars. Everywhere men are busy nailing up booths in which to display their wares. Tents are strung up for the sideshows; banners flutter from

BRINGING OUT AN OPERA.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF A YOUNG FRENCH COMPOSER. "They order this matter," observed Lauren

Sterne, "better in France." What, to wit? Surely, not the introduction of new musical composers to the public. If one is to believe the veracious tale of the latest of the tuneful throng, the composer's lot is not a happy one; unless he have infinite tact and patience beyone that of most sons of Adam. In the latter case, he will have his melodies whistled by Gavroche, and perhaps win the red ribbon of the Legion. Here, for example, is young Monsieur Vasseur, Leon Vasseur, whose comic opera, "La Pretan-

taine," is having a great run, and whose "Timbale d'Argent" is still sounding merrily and profitably. He unbosoms himself to the confidential interviewer and tells him all the voes through which he has made his way to the stars. He began in orthodox fashion, as did Audran and many others of that ilk, studying music at the Ecole Niedermayer, at Marseilles sacred music, that he might play the church organ, and perhaps compose a mass. But he strayed away into a more frivolous vein, and wrote dance music and operetta scores. However, he so far persevered in his original plan as, when he left Marseilles, to enter the Church of Versailles as organist; it was not a lucrative post, but it kept him from starving. His first attempts at publicity, like those of most composers, were very painful. With manuscript in pocket, he went from manager to manager, but they all replied, "We are very sorry, my young man, but you are unknown; you have no name come and see us later on." The "Timbale d'Argent" was his first work, and it was the success it obtained which determined him to confine himself to operetta. The story of its production is worth telling.

One day he went to M. Noriac, who was then manager of the Bouffes-Parisiens, to submit to him a piece in one act. "Leave it with me," he said, "and I will look at it when I have time. Come back in three weeks." He returned at that date, and found Norlac smoking a cigarette in front of his theatre. At first he did not recognize M. Vasseur, but on hearing his name he exclaimed: "Ah, yes; it was you who came to me a short while ago. Alas! I can't see my way clear to bring it out. Unfortunately, it is in one act only." To this the composer timidly rejoined: "That is true. But supposing I gave you a thousand francs to pay "A thousand francs! cried Norfac; "come with me into my room!"

As soon as they were seated, Norlae began I think we can come to an understanding, but you must compose another piece, you see my liking. Here is another libretto. How long will it take you to put it to music? Four or five days? Take it home with you, and come back in that time."

to be performed, and he would have pawned everything he possessed to see it on the stage. He set to work and completed it in the given time. It was entitled "La Chambre Jaune. He returned to Noriac, who received him most

"Now, then, my young man, sit down at the piano and play it to me." He did so, whereon Nortac said, "Capital, Gay and racy! Just the thing we want. What do you think, Jacine?" That was the name of the librettist. Noriac presented them to each other, and continued: It has only one drawback-it ought to be in three acts instead of one. But I have an idea Let us turn it into three, and then we shall be

Coriac drew the composer aside and said: "You offered me one thousand for one act. For three ets you will have to give me three thousand. ompleted in a fortnight, the title of the opetta was changed into the "Timbale d'Argent," gired to speak to me. I repaired to the vestry, certain of being warmly rebuked. 'Ah! it is you, Monsieur le Compositeur,' he exclaimed erettas without informing your cure. It is not kind of you. All the town is talking of your "Timbale." Not later than yesterday I heard the boys and girls singing it on the boulevards. I hope the next time you produce a piece you

proved of the young man's taking up secular music. When he heard of the production of the "Timbale d'Argent," he called all his pupils together, and solemnly burned, in their presence, the score of the offending work.

M. Vasseur rises at 6 o'clock, summer and winter, and works till noon, when he breakfasts. The rest of the day he eschews music, and gives himself up to walking, bicycling, and visiting. Only when he is pushed will he consent to work after breakfast. Sometimes he is pushed, and sometimes he has exceedingly queer experiences with his directors. One day one of them, named Billon, was attending a rehearsal, when suddenly he cried out: "Who the devil arranged such a scene as that? You rehearsal, when suddenly he cried out: "Who the devil arranged such a scene as that? You put five women on one side, and only four on the other. What is the meaning of that?" To which the stage manager responded, "I beg your pardon, sir, but those ladies represent the nine Muses," "I don't care a fig about the nine Muses," roared the director, "Add another one; that will make it ten, and both sides will be equal." There is a similar story, authentibe equal!" There is a similar story, authentically told, of an American manager who proposed to put on a "Passion Play," and when the subject of the Twelve Apostles was broached exclaimed contemptuously, "Twelve Apostles? I'll have fifty!"

IN NORTHERN CHINA.

EXPERIENCES OF A MISSIONARY. From The London Globe

From The London Globe

Mr. A. S. Annaud, the agent of the National Bible Society of Scotland for North China, in a recent account of a journey to the forbidden city of Honan, writes as follows: "We arrived at the Yellow River about 8 in the morning, and fearing a recurrence of what happened here to Mr. Lilley in 1874, I determined, if possible, to cross before the mandarin in charge of the station got his eye on me, and jumped on board a ferryboat which was pushing off as we came up, telling Liu to come over with the carter as soon as he could. In summer the river is said to be nearly seven miles across at this point, but now it was not more than one and a half, though en account of the sandbanks we had to sail up stream about six miles before coming abrenst of the station. The large boat was manned by nearly fifty men, with 200 passengers, thirty-five mules, and eight carts. A fair wind promised a quick passage, but took us from 8 a. m. to 430 p. m.; truly the Chinese traveller has need of patience. The boatmen have an odd way of crossing the river. When they come opposite their desired haven they cast out an anchor which is attached to the mast by a short rope, the current carries the boat down stream, and the rope brings it again up to the anchor. The process is repeated till the other side is reached. The strain on the mast is very great, and the boat stops with a jerk that sets every mule on beard kicking. We left the small mat hut in which we had sheltered an hour before midnight, and reached Kai-feng-fu about 2 o'clock next morning. With considerable difficulty we got quarters at the East Gate, the innkeeper not noticing that I was a foreigner.

AN ANCIENT CAPITAL.

AN ANCIENT CAPITAL.

"Kai-feng-fu was the capital of the Empire from A. D. 905 to A. D. 1129, and was then, if Chinese historlans can be trusted, a pince of great splendor. The old city, however, was destroyed by the Manchu invaders, and the new one certainly fails far short of the glory ascribed to its predecessor. The inhabitants have always been strongly anti-foreign. The mandarin heard of my arrival, and sent an official to question me about my movements. This gentleman was surprised to find that I had crossed the Yellow River, and predicted trouble in store for the mandarin who had failed to stop me. He assured me that on no account could I be allowed to enter the city. After a long conversation I arranged to send the mandarin copies of my books, and said if after reading them he found anything to harm the people I would willingly leave the place. Next morning came a permit and an escort of eight soldiers with two military mandarins. They were all Mahometans, and in the Mahometan quarter I was held as a brother and sold a number of books. The people were naturally curious to see such a 'tara avis' in the forbidden city, but I was everywhere treated with civility; the big man himself coming out in his chair to see that all was coing well. I have not seen in any Chinese city so many articles of foreign make as here. In many of the principal shops glass casee were arranged on counters, in which were displayed a variety of watches, from the cheap Waterbury to the most costly timekeeper; combination forks and spoons of German make; knives, condensed milk, etc. I remarked to one of the shopkeepers that if the people had no particular liking for foreigners they seemed to have a high opinion of their productions, with which remark he and the bystanders heartlly agreed.

"Having sold all my books, I asked the soldiers to guide me to the ancient site of the Tiao-ching (Jewish) temple. When we arrived I found a pond with a little hillock in the centre, on which was placed a stone giving the dates when the temple was built and rebuilt, and when it fell into ruins. The Jews are known here as the 'Tiao-ching-chiao' (the sect which pulls out the sinew). They all live round the site of the ancient temple, and a number came about me while I gazed on the spot where once 'Israel's possession' stood. The Mahometans affirm that he Jews were brought here as slaves, and they have always looked down upon them, but there is fairly good proof that the Jews themrelyes believe that they came over during the Han dynasty, B. C. 200 to A. D. 220. In the afterand in a few days everybody was humming it.

On the morrow of the first performance M.

Vasseur went to Versailles. "I must confess," he says, "that I approached the church with a kind of misgiving. What would the cure say? I asked myself, and I avoided going into the vestry as much as possible. A week passed. I had just finished the mass when the beadle came to tell me that the cure desired to speak to me. I repaired to the confess when it is beadle came to tell me that the cure desired to speak to me. I repaired to the confess of the conf imen it would not be easy for the Tiao-ching, o to change their religion; he could not give me faintest idea of what they believed. They seem have entirely given up their old worship, have all knowledge of the God of Israel, and have hing but the memory of what they once were

IN THE JURY ROOM.

SOME CASES OF OBSTINACY. From The Illustrated London News.

Timbales. Not later than yesterday I head the boys and girls siming it on the boulevards of hope the next time you produce a piece of the dark of the produce of the produc

THE NEW STAR.

METHODS AND MEANING OF MRS. FLEM-ING'S DISCOVERY.

PROCESSES OF CREATION REVEALED BY PHOTO

GRAPHS OF STELLAR SPECTRA.

It has already been mentioned in The Tribune that Mrs. M. Fleming, one of the experts on the staff of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, recently discovered the existence of a star in outhern skies which had not been known before But the methods and meaning of that interest achievement are not yet appreciated by the gen Beautiful and amazing as are the revelations of the telescope, these are not comparable with the of another instrument which reveals to the astron-

omer the composition of the most distant hear

bodies. Every reader of The Tribune probably knows that the light of incandescent substances, when drawn out into a rainbow by passing through when drawn out into a rainbow by passing through a prism, is marked by certain lines which distin-guish it from every other; and that with varying degrees of heat the width and even the existence of these lines is sometimes materially affected. But he may not realize how far this resource has been utilized in studying the stars. There are many lines observed in stellar spectra which do not cor-respond to those of substances that we are familiar with, at least in the conditions in which we have been able to examine terrestrial matter. it has been found wise, if not necessary, to modify the classification of stars according to their spectra made fifteen or twenty years ago. But it is at all, and that there is a gradation from one type to another extending through the whole range These facts alone, to say nothing of the alteration suspicion that every star goes through a certain series of changes in its history, and that we see in the heavens worlds in all stages of development from nebulae "without form and void" to dead, cold, non-luminous masses like our moon. But in any one instance this transition must require millions of years. Whoever : ks, therefore, to penetrate further into the mysteries of creation must examine with unspeakable eagerness the characteristics of a new-born star. By "new-born," how-ever, we should understand merely that the star thus described has only recently become visible, owing to some change in its condition. The matter composing it, without doubt, had existed from the beginning.

But stars are not born in this sense every day, nor every week, nor every month. It may be safe to say, perhaps, that the event is not even of yearly occurrence. One of the most recent of these appearances in late years was that of 1885, in the constellation of Andromeda. But like the one which blazed into view in Scorpia in 1860, the later "nova" soon faded into obscurity. The next star of this sort recorded was first visually discerned in the constellation of Auriga very early in 1892 by a Scotch amateur named Anderson. But when the sky photographs taken at Cambridge, Mass., were ected it became apparent that the new-comer and been gleaming as a star of the sixth or seventhe magnitude for nearly two months. Following the example of its two immediate predecessors, Nova Aurigae threatened to prove a temporary star; but after some subsidence in its brightness it grew more distinct, and it has received very extensive spectroscopic examinations.

The new star in Norma was found in quite mad

lifferent manner from any of the others. Harvard has an astronomical station at Arequipa, Peru, for photographing those portions of the heavens not visible in our hemisphere, and for thus supplesecured at the former place are sent home every so often for scrutiny and incorporation into the E. C. Pickering, director of Harvard's stellar researches, is now engaged. This gentleman is not only an experienced, sagacious and progressive astronomer, but also an eminent spectroscopist. Hence part of the photographs being taken by his assistants show only stars, and part of them star-spectra. With a prism placed in front of the the field of view into a tiny ribbon-like rainbow; and thus as many of these may be photographed at once as there are stars. At Arequipa last summer, Professor S. I. Bailey was working in this manner with the Bache telescope, an instrument with an eight inch aperture, and of such a focal square. Upon June 21 he took one picture of that portion of Norma in which the new star iles; but circumstance that this plate was not satisfactory. neighborhood without special instruction. A second picture, on which over a hundred spectra were imprinted with greater or less distinctness, was obtained on July 10. This was transmitted to Cambridge without its special value being recognized. spectra on a number of photographs, in the regular plate she soon perceived a spectrum that did not belong to any of the recognized classes. The photograph was laid aside temporarily; but at a belong to any of the recognized classes. The photograph was laid aside temporarily; but at a convenient opportunity charts and catalogues were consulted. It then appeared that no star had ever been recorded on the site of the one yielding this strange spectrum. Hunting further for evidence, Mrs. Fleming referred to photographs of stars and spectra in that region, thirteen in number, and taken at different times in the last four years; and these, too, told the same negative story. This seemed to prove the character of the star clearly enough, and when the spectrum which had arrested Mrs. Fleming's attention was compared with that of Nova Aurigae, behold, they corresponded exactly! Profeesor Balley has been instructed by cable to seek for fresh photograp...c testimony as soon as the weather will permit; but the beautiful and important discovery of Mrs. Fleming, which is the more interesting from its method, andswhich reflects so much credit upon her personally, upon her sex, upon Harvard and America, may be regarded as already established.

At the Astronomical Congress in Chicago several weeks ago, a paper was read which had been contributed by Professor W. W. Campbell, of the Lick Observatory, on the spectrum of Nova Aurigae. Comparisons were made therein with the spectra of five well-known nebulae; and so close was the correspondence between sixteen of the lines exhibited by the nova and lines shown by the nebulae that he feit warranted in saying that the new star in Auriga was as much like any of the nebulae as they were like each other. Whatever be the future history, then, of these new-born stars, the latest word of science regarding them is that they are in virtually the same condition as the material out of which, according to La Place, all worlds are made.

From The Westminster Gazette. The latest portraits of Mr. Gladstone were taken at Hawarden a fortnight ago by Messrs. Valentine & Sons, of Dundee, and they are among the most satisfactory and characteristic likenesses we have ever seen. The outline sketch, given herewith, is from one of the best of the series.

We wonder if Mr. or Mrs. Gladstone has kept any record of his "sittings"? Certainly he has



The photographers say, by-the-by, that the sale of portraits of eminent persons is by no means so brisk as it ones was. With the exception of roys alties, Mr. Ghadstone and a few actresses, there are not many paying celebrities on show at the si are not many paying celebrities on show at the si are not many paying celebrities on show at the si are not many paying celebrities on show at the si are not many paying celebrities on show at the si are not many paying celebrities on show at the si are not many and a the si that the silver of the sil

GOUNOD'S FUNNY STORY.

From The London World.

When returning to Paris from Brussels after the a production of the "Medecin Malgre Lail," his companion in the railway carriage asked him if he had been at the Monnaie Theatre, and on his replying in the negative, congratulated him on escaping aqueterible an infliction as the performance of the new opera. "But apart from the troupe?" asked Goundant "The troupe was good enough," said the critic, "but what could they possibly do with such shocking music?" When Gounda next met his candid friends again, with whom he continued to converge through out the whole journey without betraying als identity. "Faust" had raised him to the highest runautade of fame, and the denouncer of his earlier effort at once recognized him, realized the situation, turned pale and fled precipitately.